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REDGAUNTLET.

(Concluded from Page 89).

AWAY trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the Castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himself into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jack-an-ape, that was a special pet of his: a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the hall castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching, and biting folk, specially before ill-weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'ad it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burned; and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the Laird, Dougal Mac Allum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

"Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the Laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jack-an-ape girned too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an illfaur'd, fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback, and away after ony of the hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gi'en to fear onything. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of scuddudery sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the Goodman of Primrose-Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows, that men saw the visible mark of a horse-shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

"'Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?' said Sir Robert. 'Zounds! if you are——'

"My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—'Is it all here, Steenie, man?'

"'Your honour will find it right,' said my gudesire.

"'Here, Dougal,' said the Laird, 'gie Steenie a tass of brandy down

stairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt.'

"But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yell-loch that garr'd the castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gied the Laird, tik an' mair awfo' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hindy-girdie—naebody to say 'come in' or 'gae out.' Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and, Hell, hell, hell, and its flames, was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and, sure aneugh, the lass washed clottered blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jack-an ape they ca'ad Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master; my gudesire's head was like to turn—he forgot baith siller and receipt, and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the Castle, that the Laird was dead.

"Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was, that Dougal had seen the money-bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh, to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel—he had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations—if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his awn hearth-stane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough Knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

"Dougal Mac Callum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a'the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay instate as they ca'ad it, well-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer; he came doun with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae lass of brandy to himsel, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsel, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said, that being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower, (for nacbody cared to awake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, though death breaks service,' said MacCallum, 'it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon.'

"Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat over a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chaper of the Bible; but Dougal would hear nae thing but a bland of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was

blowing it, and up got the twa auld serving men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were torches in the room which shewed him the foul fiend, in his ain shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin. Over he cowped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting no answer, raised the house; when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard on the top of the house in the bartizan, and among the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bugle wark.

"But when a' was over, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broad-sword that had a hundred-weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.)

"'I wass ye joy, sir, of the head-seat, and the white loof, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were mutls when he had the gout.'

"'Ay, Steenie,' quoth the Laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, 'his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order—weel prepared God-ward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie.—Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in.'

"Here he opened the fatal volume; I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back ganging tenants.

"'Stephen,' said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—'Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term.'

"*Stephen.* 'Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father.'

"*Sir John.* 'Ye took a receipt then, doubtless Stephen; and can produce it?'

"*Stephen.* 'Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honour Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him.'

"'That was unlucky,' said Sir John after a pause. 'But ye may be paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go over strictly to work with no poor man.'

"*Stephen.* 'Troth, Sir John, there was nae body in the room but Dougal MacCullum the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master.'

"'Very unlucky again, Stephen,' said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. 'The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—

and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen or heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?'

"*Stephen.* 'I dinna ken, you honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilk man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money.'

"*Sir John.* 'I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* that I want to have some proof of.'

"*Stephen.* 'The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was, canna have taen it wi' him, may be some of the family may have seen it.'

"*Sir John.* 'We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable.'

"But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

To be continued.

REMINISCENCES OF A LOVER.

When, at the mature age of five and forty, a man reviews his past life, and retraces in memory the course of that stream which admits no voyager's return, he will generally discover ample materials for wonder, ridicule, gratitude, and regret. As opinions once warmly advocated, pursuits once madly followed, errors long since abandoned, wishes long since recalled, rise in review before that being, another yet the same, who sits in sober judgment on his former self, he will be almost tempted to doubt his own identity, and will scarcely credit the power that a few short years have exercised over his mind. How the heedless, pertinacious youth escaped the ruin so often courted, and gained the blessings so often repelled, will be matter for grateful astonishment; and whatever misfortunes may have attended him, he will, perhaps, thankfully acknowledge that but for the disappointment of his own wild wishes, and the rejection of his own earnest prayers, their number would have been trebled.

When I look back upon the escapes of my youth, there is one which is peculiarly surprising. I cannot comprehend how I reached five and twenty without being married. A more susceptible being than myself never existed. Before I was fourteen I had fancied myself in love with two or three of my partners at children's balls, and had made many ineffectual attempts to seduce good little girls in muslin frocks and coral necklaces into talking sentiment. Alas! young ladies of my own age rejected my hand, and aspired to older admirers; while to the children who would condescend to dance with a boy, manly gallantries were quite unintelligible. True, while I brought them cakes and negus with a lover's alacrity, they thought me very agreeable; but if I gazed at them earnestly, they told me it was rude to stare; and I made one pretty, blue-eyed creature cry by squeezing her hand, and sent another in angry complaint to her mamma, because I insisted on carrying away her beautiful new fan.

I would gaze, too, at that time, with inexhaustible delight, on handsome women, who, when they detected my artless admiration, would mortify me by unblushing cheeks, and by a good-natured smile, which seemed to say, —"Pargoletto, non sai che cosa è amore."

At eighteen I had been guilty of twenty flirtations. I never went to

a dance without seeing some one pretty enough to keep me awake half an hour after I was in bed; and even the bright eyes and blooming cheeks which passed me in the streets set my breast in a flutter, and I would love to nurture the romantic idea that the fair visions would again cross my path. As yet, however, my fancies had been fleeting, my passion unacknowledged and unreturned. Many a flaming love-letter had been written, but timidity or inconstancy had consigned them unsent to the flames. I spent the vacation after I left school, at the country-seat of one of my fathers intimate friends. For the first few days I was very uncomfortable—there was not a woman in the house with whom I could fall in love. Two were old, two married, one engaged, and another inexcusably plain. I was just making up my mind to be very much smitten by a widow of twice my age, when I was informed that Miss Emily B. was expected. Her name was much in her favour, and I was in love with her before she arrived. My heart palpitated violently when I heard that she was in the house, and the moment I saw her face I told myself that my fate was fixed. Emily was just the beauty that boys admire, a skin all lilies and roses, laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, high spirits This gay creature and myself were soon on the most friendly terms. She netted me purses, and tied on my watch-ribbons; I wrote her out new waltzes and puzzling charades. My attentions and devotions soon won upon Emily's regard, while her beauty and vivacity made me desperately in love. I offered her my heart, which she willingly accepted. I was all joy and transport for two or three days; but, alas! fathers on both sides interfered: Emily wept, I raved, but all would not do; we were parted—she was taken to a watering-place, I was hurried into Scotland to shoot grouse; the anxieties of a sportsman suspended those of a lover, and I was much astonished to find that I did not drink poison.

Ten years afterwards I saw Emily again. I was passing through Southampton, on my return from a tour in the Isle of Wight, when a lady, leaning on the arm of two officers, accosted me by my name. She was altered beyond recognition; but an explanation ensued, and she informed me that she had been married eight years to a Captain of infantry, had accompanied him abroad, had given birth to six children, and buried three. She had lost her colour and her beauty; she was smartly but tawdrily dressed; her spirits seemed changed into an habitual titter, and her temper to have acquired a fretfulness once unknown. I gazed upon her with astonishment. Vanished were the graces and sportiveness once so attractive—nothing recalled to me the Emily of earlier years, till at length she laughed heartily and naturally at a prank of her eldest boy, who was with her, and I again caught the jocund notes which ten years had not quite effaced from my remembrance. The Emily I had loved in her early bloom rose before me, a thousand frolics and pleasures accompanied the image, and scenes and feelings, long faded, started into vivid colours at the sound.

While in Scotland I fell more than half in love with a young Highland beauty, in silken snood and robe of plaid, whom I met at an Edinburgh ball; but as this was only three months after I had assured my father that my attachment to Emily could end but with my life, I thought I should look rather ridiculous if I broke my resolution so soon. I checked, therefore, my budding passion, and sighed and looked miserable a little longer. During the Christmas holidays I had to subdue another threatening *penchant* towards an agreeable cousin; and set off for Oxford without having regularly forfeited my reputation for constancy.

I now took to study, and resolved

never to be in love in term-time. To make up, however, for so severe a deprivation, I generally lost my heart four times every long vacation, and twice every shorter one. My father heard of my approaching marriage in every direction, but was comforted when he found that no two people assigned me to the same bride. I proved the truth of Addison's assertion, that "there is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only," and, unwarned by former escapes, continued to dress every pretty woman I met in a thousand imaginary perfections. I was only saved by fortunate chances from offering my hand to three simpletons, and as many viragoes; and as I was heir to a handsome property, I should most likely have been accepted: once I was rescued by a regiment entering the town where the lovely Eliza lived, who speedily transferred her smiles to a diminutive red-haired coxcomb, clothed in scarlet and gold. To this feminine weakness I am, however, greatly obliged, as it thus saved me from *one* imprudent engagement. The fair little Fanny, so delicate in feature and attire, was kind enough to eat a partridge which nearly sent me from table, and at every mouthful I found the pain in my left side diminish. Thick ancles cured me twice, ebony-tipped nails once; sometimes some fortunate interruption (duly cursed at the time) prevented my crossing the fatal Rubicon; and as I now recall the character, temper, and acquirements of these short-lived empresses of my affections, and then cast my eyes upon her who sits beside me, while all her excellencies of heart and head rush to my remembrance, I feel tempted to ask my heart how I have deserved so valuable a prize. Happily for the peace of my various charmers, my character as a flirt was so well known, that devotions and gallantries, which from another man would have almost warranted the purchase of wedding-clothes, from *me* spoke the language of common place admiration and politeness.

One of my escapes from matrimony was almost miraculous. I was seated next the charming Matilda, in one of the stage-boxes in Covent Garden Theatre. She turned to look at the performance, and I to look at her profile. She was most becomingly dressed. The purity of her skin, which braved the closet inspection, the classical correctness of her features, the rich, easy wave of her shining tresses, the deepened tints on her cheek, the gaze of admiration from the pit, the uplifted glasses in the opposite boxes, altogether operated powerfully on my passion and my pride: I longed to call so lovely a creature my own; and without a moment's reflection I uttered the feelings of my heart, and poured into her ear the open and full confession of eternal attachment. A merciful chance prevented her hearing me; a castle was just blowing up on the stage; when quiet was restored, she turned to ask if I had spoken; I made some remark on the performance, and deferred my declaration to a more convenient season. The next morning I met her at a panorama of Gibraltar. She asked aloud at what distance was the opposite coast of Asia; I blushed deeply for her then, and firmly resolved never to blush for her as my wife.

At this time I was studying the law at Lincoln's Inn, and I found a London atmosphere much less favourable to love than the breezes of the country. Society and circumstances also are all unfriendly to the growth of town attachments. How much more natural and favourable to love are scenes of rural beauty; the winding lane with thick and tangled hedgerows; the friendly screen of grove and coppice; the delicious quiet of a summer evening; the country ramble, when lagging lovers drops behind the other walkers—bright skies, soft gales, sweet flowers, pleasant sounds; do they not insinuate love into the breast of the cold, cherish liking into affection, and raise affection to enthusiasm?

Either from the anti amatory effects of London smoke, from my own advanced years and increased experience (for I was now turned of three and twenty) or from the occupation of my mind and time by my legal pursuits, I become by degrees less precipitate in my attachments, and more fastidious with regard to female beauty. Six months passed away without my penning in my brain one intended love-letter, or squeezing one beauty's hand so fiercely as to give her pain, or sighing so loudly as to make her start, or pressing to my lips in the solitude of my own room one faded flower which had fallen from a lady's bosom. I began to think all danger was over for life, but, alas! I had speedily occasion to exclaim,

"Intermissa, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? Parce parce precor, precor."

STANZAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE ENVELOPE TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

Pledge of a love as pure and deep
As ever thrilled in mortal breast!
I would not, could I break thy sleep,
Recall thee from the couch of rest,
Where thou art now in peace reclining,
A stranger to the world's repining!

No! Bright as was thy brief career,
In this wild waste of storm and gloom,
And much as I have wished thee here,
My soul's dark sorrows to illume,—
In loneliness I'd rather languish,
Than have thee here to share my anguish!

Besides, would even Heaven allow
Thy advent to this earth again;
That boon to thee were cruel now,
Since human ills—a numerous train—
Would cross thee in thy path of life,
And stir thy young sweet thoughts to strife!

Yet looking on this sun-bright tress
Unlocks the source of direst miseries;
And thoughts, intense and maddening, press
On my hot brain,—though hopes or fears,
Since thou and thy sweet mother perished,
Have ne'er by me been felt or cherished,

Blossom of Love! Yes, on my mind
Strange and unusual feelings rush;
The flood-gates of my heart unbind,
And bid its waters wildly gush,—
As gazing on these threads I see
The all that now remains of thee!

Blossom of Love! Farewell! Farewell!
I go to join the noisy throng;
But, in my soul's deep, inmost cell,
Thoughts that to thine and thee belong,
Will ever bloom as fresh and fair
As when they first were planted there!

And, oh, if tears of woe may nourish
The flowers of memory in the breast;
Then those in mine will surely flourish,
And each succeeding hour invest
Their stems with charms unknown before,—
Till we three meet to part no more!

MIGNONETTE.*

(From Phillips's Flora Historica.)

It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

In less than another age we predict (without the aid of Egyptian art) that the children of our peasants will gather this luxurious little plant amongst the wild flowers of our hedge-rows.

The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the South of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonetta*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that Mignonette was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the Royal Garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should pre-

* [illegible]

sume that this seed was not dispersed, andperhaps not cultivated, beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian Van Royen, of Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the Task soon afterwards celebrates it as a favourite plant in London.

——' the sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.'

The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house, but even those persons we presume must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "close-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets, and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the Mignonette so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvias which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

The Sweet Reseda, or Mignonette, is now said to grow naturally in some parts of Barbary, as well as in Egypt. Monsieur Desfontaines observed it growing in the sands near Mascar in the former country, but it might have been accidentally scattered there, or have escaped from the gardens of the Moors.

This genus of plants, of which we have twelve species, was named *Reseda* by the ancients, from *resedare* to assuage, because some of the species were esteemed good for mitigating pains; and we learn from Pliny, that the Reseda was considered to possess even the power of charming away many disorders. He tells us, that it grew near the city of *Ariminum*, now Rimini in Italy, and that when it was used to resolve swellings, or to assuage inflammations, it was the custom to repeat the following words, thrice spitting on the ground at each repetion:—

Reseda, morbos Reseda, sciene, scine,
quis hic pullos egerit?
Radices nec caput nec pedes habeant.

Reseda, cause these maladies to cease:
knowest thou, knowest thou, who hath
driven these pullets here? Let the roots
have neither head nor foot.

We notice these absurd superstitions of the ancients, which are scarcely yet extinct in many country villages of this and other countries, to show how much the minds of the ignorant have always been prone towards the marvellous, and not that we

Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

Although it is so short a time since the Sweet Reseda has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and, as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honours of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Pursuivants at Arms.

The Count of Walsthim was the declared lover and intended spouse of

Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she took delight in creating jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion, and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were making verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower, the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose, others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a spring of Mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the Count so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who, ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw the affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

She lives but for a day, pleases for an instant,

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the Mignonette:

Her virtues far surpass her charms.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the sweet Reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,

Your qualities surpass your charms.

The Mignonette is one of the plants whose unassuming little flower never weary our sight; it is therefore made the image of those interesting persons whom time cannot change, and who, although deficient in dazzling beauty, attach us for life, when once they have succeeded in pleasing without its aid. Hence it is but a natural desire that we should wish to give an annual plant a perennial existence, which has, in a great measure, been accomplished, since the odorous Tree Mignonette is now frequently to be met with, and which was at first supposed to have been a different variety when Lady Whitshed introduced it from Liege about the year 1816, and who received it from M. L'Abbé L'Arbaloste of that city; a spot made familiar to many readers, by the scenes which the popular author of Quentin Durward has recited as passing in that ancient commercial town.

Soon after the introduction of the Hydrangea, it was observed that some of the plants produced flowers of a fine blue colour, but the cause of this change could not be easily accounted for, since the cuttings had been taken from plants with rose-co-

loured flowers. Some supposed that it was caused by oxide of iron, whilst others concluded that it originated from salt or salt-petre being accidentally mixed in the earth. We remember seeing a fine plant of this description, with beautiful blue flowers, at a cottage situated on a dreary common in Hampshire, where no one could at that time have expected to have found a common-coloured Hydrangea. The owner of the plant refused ten guineas for this flower, as it was the only one that was seen in the country, and the circumstance of a poor cottager's having refused so large a sum for a plant, excited great curiosity, and brought all the neighbouring inhabitants to see it. The poor woman, although she did not like to part with the plant that had been reared by a child whom she had lost, gladly sold cuttings to all that required them, every one of which when they blossomed produced flowers of the original rose-colour.

We have since learnt that the poor woman's plant had been reared from a cutting of the common rose-coloured variety, and that the change was owing to its being planted in the soil of the heathy common on which she resided, mixed with a portion of turf ashes, whilst those who obtained cuttings planted them in good garden soil.

TALE OF A ZEPHYR.

When morning beams resplendent rise,
And streak with gold the eastern skies;
When melting mists, with wavy flow,
Hang o'er the rugged mountain's brow,
And milk-maids hie the clover through,
And every leaf is bright with dew,
And birds their early music make,—
I skim the surface of the lake,
And display wings in cool delight,
To fit me for my morning flight.
Then, gentle sighing, I recline
Where golden-eyed white daisies shine,
Or, where the flowery garden blows,
I kiss the dew-drops from the rose,
And, ere the stolen sweets decay
Haste to the shady cliff away,
With gilded wing, and soft perfume,
To fan the lurking strawberry bloom.

And when the sultry sun rides high,
I chase the crimson butterfly,
Or wanton through the rustling sedge
That trembles at the water's edge;
Now scudding o'er the mountains lawn
To catch the sportive thistle-down;
Now waving with luxurious joy
The ringlets of the shepherd-boy;
Now breathing through the poplar grove
Sighs like the whispering sighs of love.

When maidens blithely dance at eve
I slily glide beneath their sleeve;
Or, if they would their ankles hide,
I toss their russet gowns aside:
Or, dallying with their kerchiefs blue,
I have betrayed to transient view
Beauties that thrill the lover through.
Then to a lady's casement steal
To sigh the love I cannot feel,
Where she has placed a harp all day
Expecting me to come and play.
Sweet music wakens in the strings
At the soft rustling of my wings;
And as I hover round and round
She floats upon the plaintive sound.
Then, as the melting tones decay,
She thinks of one that's far away.
I see the colour come and go,
I feel her panting bosom glow,
And wish 'twere mine to sink to rest
Upon so fair and fond a breast.

At night, when all around is still,
I lay me down upon the hill,
And play with cowslips shining bright,
Beneath the moonlit sun's dewy light,
Where dapper elves and fairies glide
In merry maze and circling dance
Or haply wandering I intrude
With rustling sound the leafy shade,
Where Julia, by her lover led,
Denies, with half averted head,
Of her rosy lips the taste,
Though both his arms are round her waist
Alarmed she hears me, and her fear
Imagines me a stranger near;
And he, though loth to fancy this,
Lets her go with half a kiss.

Such my joys, and such my sport,
I grieve not that my life is short.

But when the warning swallow flies
Indistant shores and milder skies,
And winter comes with aspect drear,
I meet my fate without a tear,
Or only breathe one parting sigh,
And wrapt in clouds and whirlwinds fly.

A VISIT TO MISS BRANDT.

(From Buchanan's "Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs of the North American Indians.")

The following is Mr. Buchanan's account of a visit to Miss Brandt, daughter of the Mohawk Chief. Mr. B. and his daughters had got from a Mrs. Colonel Clarke, at the falls of Niagara, an introduction to the Mohawk Princess as Miss Brandt:—

"On arriving at the magnificent shores of Lake Ontario, the driver of our carriage pointed out, at the distance of five miles, the house of Miss Brandt, which had a very noble and commanding aspect; and we anticipated much pleasure in our visit; as, beside the enjoyment of so beautiful a spot, we should be enabled to form a competent idea of Canadian manners and style of living. Young Mr. Brandt, it appeared, unaware that with our carriage we could have reached his house so soon, had not arrived before us; so that our approach was not announced; and we drove up to the door under the full persuasion that the family would be apprised of our coming. The outer-door, leading to a spacious hall, was open. We entered, and remained a few minutes, when seeing no person about, we proceeded into the parlour, which, like the hall, had nobody in it. We, therefore, had an opportunity of looking about us at our leisure. It was a room well furnished with a carpet, pier and chimney glasses, mahogany tables, fashionable chairs, a sofa, and a most handsome book case, in which among other volumes, we perceived a Church of England Prayer-book, translated into the Mohawk language, and several elementary works.—Having seat our selves without intruding on the ceremonies, and still no person waiting on us, we began to suspect, more especially in the hungry state we were all in, that some delay or difficulty about breakfast stood in the way of the young lady's appearance. Various were our conjectures, and momentarily did our hunger seem to gain rapid strides upon us. I can assure my readers, that a keen morning's ride on the shores of an American lake is a thing of all others calculated to make the appetite clamorous, if not insolent. We had already penetrated into the parlour, and were beginning to meditate a further exploration in search of the pantry, when to our unspeakable astonishment, in walked a charming, noble-looking Indian girl, dressed partly in the native, and partly in the English costume. Her hair was confined on the head in a silk net, but the lower tresses escaping from thence flowed down on her shoulders. Under a tunic, or morning dress of black silk, was a petticoat of the same material and colour, which reached very little below the knees. Her silk stockings and kid shoes were, like the rest of her dress, black. The grace and dignity of her movement, the style of her dress and manner, so new, so unexpected, filled us all with astonishment.

"With great ease, yet by no means in that common place mode so generally prevalent on such occasions, she inquired how we had found the roads, accommodations, &c. No flutter was at all apparent on account of the delay in getting breakfast; no fidgeting and fuss-making, no running in and out; no idle expressions of regret, such as, "Oh dear me! had I known of your coming, you would not have been kept in this way;" but with perfect ease she maintained the conversation, until a Squaw, wearing a man's hat, brought in a tray with preparations for breakfast. A table-cloth of fine white damask being laid, we were regaled with tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter, ice water and icecoolers, eggs, ham, smoked beef, beans, boiled chickens, English red beef, truly cut and cooked [illegible] Thus have we after-

wards discovered, arose from the desire of our hostess to supply us with hot rolls, which were actually baked while we waited. I have been thus minute in my description of these comforts, as they were so little expected in the house of an Indian.

"After breakfast, Miss Brandt, as we must still call her, took my daughters out to walk, and look at the picturesque scenery of the country. She and her brother had previously expressed a hope that we would stay all day; but though I wished of all things to do so, and had determined, in the event of their pressing their invitation, to accept it, yet I declined the proposal at first, and thus forfeited a pleasure which we all of us longed in our hearts to enjoy; for, as I afterwards learned, it is not the custom of any uncorrupted Indian to repeat a request if once rejected. They believe that those to whom they offer any mark of friendship, and who gives a reason for refusing it, do so in perfect sincerity, and that it would be rudeness to require them to alter their determination, or break their word. And as the Indian never makes a show of civility, but when prompted by a genuine feeling, so he thinks others are actuated by similar candour. I really feel ashamed when I consider how severe a rebuke this carries with it to us who boast of civilization, but who are so much carried away by the general insincerity of expression pervading all ranks, that few are to be found who speak just what they wish or know. This duplicity is the effect of what is termed a high state of *refinement*. We are taught so to conduct our language, that others cannot discover our real view or intentions. The Indians are not only free from this deceitfulness, but surpass us in another instance of true good breeding and decorum—namely, of never interrupting those who converse with them, until they have done speaking, and then they reply in the hope of not being themselves interrupted. This was perfectly exemplified by Miss Brandt and her brother; and I hope the lesson my daughters were so forcibly taught by the natural politeness of their hostess, will never be forgotten by them, and that I also may profit by the example."

THE REV. C. COLTON.

An American Paper makes the following statement respecting this singular character:—

"During the residence of Mr. Colton in Charleston, he occasionally amused himself by giving his thoughts to the public in a newspaper column. The following, from the *Charlestown Courier*, may be considered as an American Appendix to 'Lacon,' by the author:—

QUERIES.

How can such a thing, Sam, as being cast out of paradise? Remember, Tony asks for a correct reply.—Jerry Buffaker.

"Whether the moderns are not wise by the ignorance, no less than by the wisdom of their forefathers; and whether their errors have not been unto us as a beacon, and their discoveries as a light-house; and whether the march of knowledge, like the march of time, doth not progress in the darkness no less than in the light? Whether wealth does not begin to be the most dangerous of all powers the moment it ceases to be the lowest; and whether men, if placed in a society where money can do every thing, are not too often tempted to do every thing for money? Whether there are not three insurmountable inequalities among men—inequalities of physical strength, wealth, and talent; and whether talent be not the highest of the three, inasmuch as it can command the one, and acquire the other?—Whether universal suffrage be the best mode of accomplishing the highest object of all governments, namely, that the men of principle may be the principal men?—Whether an Englishman who comes

to America a Whig, has not to thank his philosophy rather than his feelings if he does not return a Tory?—Whether a half-enlightened population, with the fullest scope allowed them of thought, speech, and publication, be not precisely the materials most liable to be made the dupes of the demagogue, the property of the ambitious, and the prey of the hypocritical?—Whether America cannot offer this dilemma to all her aggressors, 'Attack me with few, and I will overwhelm you—attack me with many, and you shall overwhelm yourselves?'—Whether ignorance be not all that certain popular preachers demand from their congregations, and ignorance all that they rely on in themselves?—Whether puritry of conduct be not an armour resorted to for the defence of that which the fair owner suspects may be endangered; and whether freedom of demeanour be not the result of that confidence in the strength of the citadel, that can fearlessly permit an enemy to reconnoitre the outworks.—Whether "*tutia time*," be not a good proverb, and many have not failed from the inactivity produced by the very goodness of their cause; and whether he that defends a bad cause is not obliged to do every thing for it, because it can do nothing for itself?—Whether it be not fortunate, that that ancient library, which was given as fuel to the public baths, should have kept the people of Alexandria in hot water for a season, rather than all posterity in the predicament for ever; and whether it be not better that men should grow wise by reflecting on their own thoughts, than blindly poring over those of others?—Would not Napoleon, who succeeded in France, have failed in America; and would not Washington, who succeeded in America, have failed in France; and do not great men often follow events, yet fancy that they guide them?—Whether the greatest event of modern times did not hinge upon the merest trifle; and whether the French Revolution did not result from the turn of a mutton-chop?—Whether he that, at every step of his political career, makes *one* friend and *one* enemy, does not play a losing game; and whether he that defends a bad cause is not obliged to do every thing for it, because it can do nothing for itself?—Whether it be not fortunate, that that ancient library, which was given as fuel to the public baths, should have kept the good people of Alexandria in hot water for a season, rather than all posterity in the predicament for ever; and whether it be not better that men should grow wise by reflecting on their own thoughts, than blindly poring over those of others?—Would not Napoleon, who succeeded in France, have failed in America; and would not Washington, who succeeded in America, have failed in France; and do not great men often follow events, yet fancy that they guide them?—Whether the greatest event of modern times did not hinge upon the merest trifle; and whether the French Revolution did not result from the turn of a mutton-chop?—Whether he that, at every step of his political career, makes *one* friend and *one* enemy, does not play a losing game; and whether revenge be not a stronger principle of action than gratitude?—Whether most duels are not fought through fear; and whether the bravest of us would not gladly refuse a challenge if he durst?—Whether the law of opinion be not still a tyrant existing in the minds of freedom; and whether, like all other tyrants, it be not often capricious, and sometimes blind?—Is it not better that a bad life should be joined to a good doctrine, than that a bad doctrine should be supported by a good life; and will not the sect survive the founder?—Is not he that can make an opportunity superior to him that takes it; and is not he that strikes only when the iron is hot, likely to be outdone by him that makes the iron hot by striking?—Whether it be not natural that those who hold power should be most anxious to retain it; and whether it be not

unfortunate that the right use of power is not always the best mode of effecting its continuance?—Whether man be not too easily tempted; and whether a wise Legislature ought not to be more proud of having removed one temptation, than to have punished twenty crimes?—Whether a knowledge of others ought not to prevent our difficulties, and a knowledge of ourselves our presumption?—Whether it be not easy to calculate how many seconds make up the longest life; and whether it be not impossible to calculate how many such lives would make up an eternity?—Whether a single second does not bear a greater proportion to the longest life, than the longest life to an eternity; and whether one may not humbly be permitted to hope that endless punishment may not be awarded for sin committed in a period that bears a far less proportion to eternity than a second does to a single life?—Whether it be not far more easy to ask the above questions than to answer them?"

PARRALLEL BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

(From Specimens of a Traveller in "Blackwood's Magazine.")

I SHALL now run a short parrallel between the Americans and the English. We are an old people. The Americans are a new people. We value ourselves on our ancestry—on what we have done; they, on their posterity, and what they mean to do. They look to the future; we to the past. They are proud of old England as the home of their forefathers; we, of America, as the abiding place of western Englishmen.

They are but of yesterday as a people. They are descended from those whose burial places are yet to be seen; we from those whose burial places have been invaded by the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, until they are no longer to be distinguished from the everlasting hills.

As a whole people, the American talk a better English than we do; but then, there are many individuals who speak better English than any American, if we except now and then a well educated New Englander, and a few eminent public speakers, like the late Mr. Pinkney, who was minister to this Court, and Mr. Wirt, the present Attorney General of the United States, who will probably succeed Mr. Rush in the same capacity; and then there are a multitude among us who speak a better English than a common among the well educated men of America, though they do not speak the best English, such as the few among us do.

I have heard a great deal said about the habits of ele[illegible] in England and America; and I have sometimes laughed very heartily at the reciprocal prejudices of the English and American women.

I have heard an English woman complain of a beastly American for spitting into the fire; and I have heard an American woman express the greatest abhorrence of an Englishman for spitting in his pocket-handkerchief, or for not spitting at all, when he happened to mention that we blind men swallowed our saliva. A spitting box is part of the regular furniture of every room in America, although smoking is now entirely out of fashion there.

An American will not scruple to pick his teeth, on fit occasions, if he should think it necessary—any where or at any time before a lady. An Englishman would sooner let them go dirty.

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The Englishman is more of a lion; the American more of a fox; in the physiognomy of his face and mind, as in upper and in constitution. The American is the quicker, the Englishman the prouder man, of the two. The American is volatile, adventurous, tolerative and chivalrous. The Englishman is thought obstinate, very brave, and a little sullen. The [illegible]

American more spirit. The former would be better in defence, the latter in attack. A beaten Englishman is formidable still—a beaten American is good for nothing for a time.

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An American woman is more childish, more attractive, and more perishable: the English woman is of a healthier mind, more dignified, and more durable. The former is a flower, the latter a plant. One sheds perfume; the other sustenance. The Englishwoman is better fitted for a friend, a counsellor, and a companion—for the mother of many children, and for the partnership of a long life. But the American woman, particularly of the South, is better fitted for love than counsel;—child-bearing soon destroys her. A few summers, and she appears to have been born a whole generation before her husband. An Englishwoman has more wisdom; an American more wit. One has more good sense; another more enthusiasm. Either would go to the scaffold with a beloved one; but the female American would go there in a delirium; the Englishwoman deliberately, like a martyr.

And so, too, is the American to be distinguished from the Irishman. The Irish are a gallant, warm-hearted, headlong people; eloquent, feeling, lusty, and thoughtless; great dealers in the superlatives. So are the Americans. But, then, the feeling of the Irish, like their eloquence, is rich, copious, and florid; while that of the Americans is more vehement, more meditative, and more concentrated. The delicacy of the American is more in tone and manner, less in feeling; his hardiness in endurance, more fully that cold and chaste fortitude of conscience; and sometimes exquisitely extravagant.

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The chivalry of an Irishman has a headlong fury in it which is irresistible. It is purely emotional, and effervescentaloud. It is as much as an American is an Irishman, as the chivalry of an American is, as Hotspur [illegible] the Englishman; or the profound strange fervour of the Scotch.

An American would make a dozen fortunes while a Scot was making one; but then the American would often die a poor man, over head and ears in debt—the Scot never. An American finds it harder to keep a fortune, a Scot to make one.

A Scot would do the same thing over and over again all his life long, to obtain a competency for his children. An Irishman would sooner be shot at once-a-week at the distance of ten paces. An American would do neither; but if there were any new worlds to explore, or serpents to catch, that would "pay well," he would go to the bottom of the ocean after them in a contrivance of his own.

Every body has read of Smollett's Irishman, who desired his companion while he knelt down, and hammered the flint of his pistol, which had missed fire, to "fire away, and not be losing time;" and every body has acknowledged, that, whether true or false, it was perfectly natural; but could only be believed of an Irishman.

So, too, it is told of an Englishman, that his house having taken fire, containing all that he was worth, finding that he could be of no use in putting it out, he went and sat down upon a neighbouring hill, and took a drawing of it. Such a story could never have been invented of an American.

And so, too, the well-known anecdote of the young Scot, whose coolness in such an emergency is a capital specimen of the moral sublime. "Where are ye gangin, lad?" "Back again." Nothing can be more absolutely Scotch. I would trust to it in the hottest fire of another Waterloo.

But I know something of an American quite as characteristic. "Can you carry that battery, Sir?" said an American general to Colonel Millar, in the heat of battle. "I'll try," and the battery was immediately carried at the point of the bayonet.

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ing this parallel. I have only given the general character of an Englishman and American. Exceptions of course continually occur.

VARIETIES.

Literary Barbarity.—One of the editors of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, for June, in reviewing a work of M. Von Klaproth, (*Memoirs relatifs a l'Asie*), complains that the author translates the English word—*duty*, by by *ordre, ordonnance*; and observes, "We have never heard that it had any other meaning than *devoir*, and it is in this sense that Thomas Gray has said:—

When ignorance is duty,
It is folly to be wise!!!

Tax upon the Irish.—It appears, by the Rolls of Parliament, A.D 1477, that Irishmen, residing in London, were formerly subject to the following taxation:—Irishmen having no lands, 12d. per annum. Irishmen having lands in England, 12d. in the pound. Irishmen keeping house, 2s. per annum. Merchants born in Ireland, 13s. 4d. per annum.

Chess.—There is a curious anecdote of Ferrand Count of Flanders: who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place, which came to such a height, that when the Count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bosvines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release!

Defect of the English Tongue.—At the late Devon County Session, two men named Rigg and Foster, were charged with stealing 30lbs. of hay. It was given in evidence by the prosecutor, that the field from which it was taken had been mowed two days; he was then asked, if, in that time, it had attained the state of *hay*? No. Was it grass, then? No. Then, Sir, by what appellation do you call it? The farmer could not answer; the Lawyer confessed he was at a loss for a *word* to name it by; and the indictment was quashed.

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—It was customary with Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions,—"How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" It happened that a young soldier born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service. His figure caused him to be immediately accepted; but he was totally ignorant of the German dialect, and his captain, giving him notice that the king would question him in that tongue, the first time he would see him, cautioned him at the same time to learn by heart the three answers he was to make the king. Accordingly he learned them by the next day, and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederick came up to interrogate him; but he happened to begin upon him by the second question, and asked him, "How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty one years," answered the soldier.—The king, struck with his youth, which plainly indicated that he had not carried a musquet so long as that, said to him "How old are you?" "One year a'nt please your Majesty." Frederick, more astonished still, cried, "You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses." The soldier, who took this for his third question, replied "Both, a'nt please your Majesty." The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, kept silent, and when the king questioned him again, to penetrate into the mystery, the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German, at which the king laughed heartily, advised him to learn that language, and exhorted him to perform well his duty.